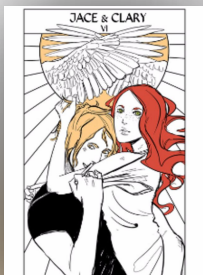




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## Angels, Warlocks and Shadowhunters



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### Chapter 1 by 20wvlkewald

My name is Esme and I'm the oldest of triplets, the second oldest is Aria and the youngest is Ezra our brother.

I run along the tops of buildings tracking down demons. Black ink twining up and down my arms. My siblings following behind me. The Shax demon trying to get away with its most recent pray. A human girl that's unconscious and unaware that this demon wants to lay eggs in her skin. Landing behind it -without making a sound because of the soundless runes we have on our forearms- , we approach it seraph blades ready. The Shax still not noticing us as I lift the blade I whisper,

"Ithuriel"

The blade exploded into light catching the demon's attention, to late to noticing me and my siblings, I lunge for the demon stabbing my seraph blade into his back. My electrum whip wrapping around its neck. Ezra grabs the girl and Aria circles in front of the demon,

"Nakir" she cried and lunges toward the demon stabbing in through the heart.

"This girls name is Emma" Ezra to the demon "Back to the institute?"

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"I think we should mom and dad" Aria said "I remember the stories of when they were teenagers about mummies coming into the town and how they were killing the stories well."

"I'll carry her", Ezra said, "Were only a couple blocks away anyway."

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We walked into the institute, Ezra heading for the infirmary and Aria and I walking to the library to find our parents. As we walked into the library, sounds of the grand piano being played floated to my ears. Our dad was playing the piano and our mom was sitting next to him with her head on his shoulder. My dad always played the piano for us when we were younger because it helped us fall asleep. Now we are all fifteen, Aria 10 minutes behind me and Ezra half an hour behind her.

"Hey, we took care of that Shax demon but the girl was still unconscious so Ezra carried her here and brought her to the infirmary", I said, "We didn't think a mundie hospital would be a good place for her"

My parents just looked at me, My mom and dad still looked super young even though they were both 36. My mom's green eyes staring into my golden ones. My eyes were my dad's and my hair my mother's which was bright red and currently contained into one braid that ran down my right shoulder and to just below my waist. My father had golden blond hair, and Ezra looked like him even though Ezra didn't think so. Aria looked like my mom red hair and green eyes.

"Whats her name"?, My mom said

"Her name is Emma", Aria explained

"Well I'm going to make her a Tisane", said my mother turning away and walking towards her desk, "Jace you should go and check on her with Aria, Esme come here I wanna talk to you".

"Ok, Aria come on let's go check on this sleeping beauty of ours", He looked at his wife, Clary to see if she caught the joke but she didn't look up from her Tisane. He shrugged and pushed Aria out of the room ahead of him and closed the door behind him.

"I'm not going to yell at you for bringing that girl Emma here if that's what you're worried about", Clary said amused, "I just..."

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Alec, Isabelle and Simon are coming back from Idria and...

and sister...

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"Whew good I thought you were going to hang me to a second there", I said exhaling relief

"Nope now let's go make sure your dad isn't trying to make this Sleeping Beauty of ours pass out again with his looks", Clary laughed obviously showing that she had heard Jace's earlier comment.

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## Chapter 2 by Annie Sulpizio



### \*Shadowhunters\*

They walk into the infirmary together, and see the girl, in a bed, with sheets the color of white snow. She turns her head to see us in front of the door frame, her brunette hair straggly with blood and sweat, clearly confused of where she's at.

"Don't worry, Emma. There's no need to be scared. We'll get you fixed up." Sitting on the edge of the bed, Clary comforted the girl, just like any mother would. The girl nodded. She looks at the wound on her upper thigh. It looked like a messed up tattoo; As if ink exploded and went in different directions. They were currently treating it.

Clary got up from where she was sitting, and stood by Jace, Who was standing by the foot of the bed. She hugged her husband around the waist. She put her head in his shoulder, comforted by his body heat. He kissed her bright red hair. She loved it when he did that.

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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